

# THE NORTHWEST Silent Observer

VOL. I.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909.

NO 1.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and  
brave,  
Still, like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main  
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Longfellow.

## FAMOUS MEN OF HISTORY.

### ROBESPIERRE

A review of the history of the French Revolution, especially of the crimes of the Committee of Public Safety and of those in power, at that time, cannot but create in the reader's heart a revulsion of sentiment towards those who are thought, whether with justice or not, to have been the instigators of them all. The murders and acts of injustice, which were committed "in the name of Liberty" by some of the revolutionary leaders, are enough to sicken the most callous hearted criminal to be found today.

However, much that has been written about the crimes and atrocities of Robespierre, Danton, Billaud, Varenne and others, is probably exaggeration. True, all of these men were guilty of much blood-shed, yet they cannot be rightly classified with those depraved minds who glory in murder.

Of all the leaders of the French Revolution, Francois Maximilien Marie Isidore Robespierre is probably the most calumniated. He is accused of being responsible for more atrocities than any of his contemporaries, when in reality his associates are the more guilty parties.

Robespierre was born at Arras, May 6th, 1758, he being the oldest of the sons of Maximilien Barthelemy Francois de obespierre and Jacqueline Marguerite Carraut. His early education was conducted in his home town, and in due time he graduated from the College of Arras, taking honors in law and literature. Being of a literary turn of mind he joined a club devoted to the pursuit of that branch of study, and as a member of this club, he attempted, though unsuccessfully, to carry off one of several prizes of

ferred by local institutions for the best essays on different subjects.

Shortly after Robespierre graduated at the College of Arras, the Bishop of the diocese secured for him an appointment to the College Louis-le-Grand at Paris, from which institution he graduated in due time, again being an honor student, especially in law.

His course at College Louis-le-Grand completed, Robespierre returned to his native city and there, began to practice law. In March, 1782, the Bishop of the diocese of Arras appointed him criminal judge of that district. However, the brilliant young jurist soon resigned from this position, giving as his reason for doing so his extreme reluctance to passing a sentence of death upon a fellow-man.

Not very long after his resignation the summoning of the States General aroused all of provincial France to great political activity. Robespierre, in common with many other young men, was infected with the general excitement. Taking up the popular cause, he wrote innumerable pamphlets, breathing fire and insurrection. Though entering into the political arena with all the energy of a fiery nature, the young lawyer was prudent enough to lay the foundations of what he expected to be his future fortune. Like the rest of the agitators of the time, however, he did not realize that France was on the verge of a tremendous social upheaval, but he did perceive that a new state of affairs was imperative for the welfare of the country, and he threw himself into the struggle for a change and a more liberal government of France, with his whole heart. In

1789 his activity as a pamphlet writer and popular orator caused his election to the National Assembly, as Fifth Deputy of the third estate of Provence.

In his new office, Robespierre received little attention from Parisian journalists, owing to his lack of personal magnetism, until Camille Desmoulins, a former friend and schoolmate, established himself as press agent for the Provincial Deputy. Through the pages of the "Revolutions de France et de Brabant," Robespierre's name was soon spread throughout France, and the basis of his subsequent power was laid. Mirabeau himself, the greatest of French revolutionists, is said to have declared, after hearing Robespierre address the Assembly, "That man will go far; he believes what he says!"

In spite of the good offices of Desmoulins, Robespierre had little real influence until Mirabeau died. Up to that time, in common with the other lesser lights, he had been eclipsed by the brilliancy of that famous Frenchman.

In 1791 "The Little Lawyer from Arras" began to show a power in the affairs of the nation. It was during that year that he uttered his famous plea for the abolishment of the death penalty, and carried a motion to exclude from the future Legislative Assembly, all members of the Constituent Assembly. Following this political triumph, he spent the summer in opposing Barnave, Duport and Lameth in their efforts to bring about a conservative revision of the constitution of 1791.

Although he was now beginning to

make himself felt in the Assembly, Robespierre's greatest activity was exerted among the Jacobin Clubs of Paris. He aspired to the chieftainship of these organizations and eventually accomplished his desire, becoming the acknowledged leader of the Jacobins and the people of Paris.

In September, 1792, occurred the horrible prison massacres, those infamable blots in French history. Though a popular leader at this time, Robespierre had nothing whatever to do with that terrible crime, and it is doubtful whether he would have approved of such a course.

Shortly after the above catastrophe, the people of Paris sent Robespierre to the National Convention, as their First Deputy. In this capacity he became the leader of the Montagnards, so called because they occupied the highest seats in the assembly hall. As leader of this faction he was roundly denounced by the Girondists, as a "blood-thirsty demagogue."

During the trial of Louis XVI, Robespierre, as public prosecutor, made an impassioned plea for the conviction of the king. In the course of his speech he declared, "Louis must die, that the country may live." This oration of Robespierre's undoubtedly contributed much towards persuading the judges to become regicides and sentence their king to death.

All during the trial, Robespierre's bitterest enemies, the Girondists, endeavored to accomplish his downfall, but failed, owing to the cleverness of the rising revolutionist. "Taking advantage of their likes and dislikes, he managed to place them in an illogical position and to force them to vote for the death of Louis, which was probably a thing they had no intention of doing."

After the execution of Louis XVI, the other leaders of the revolution began to see what sort of a man their contemporary was, what a vast amount of influence might be controlled through him, and as a natural result they set about allying themselves with the "public prosecutor." Danton, Billaud, Varenne and others eventually joined hands with the "Little Lawyer of Arras," and with him gained supreme power for a limited space of time, only to be destroyed one after another, by their associate, when his ambition led him to the extremes it did.

Up to this time Robespierre had never been more than a deputy. But

on July 27th, 1793, Gasparin resigned from the Committee on Public Safety, and Robespierre was chosen to fill the vacancy, thus created. Once on the committee he remained there, taking a prominent part in all its proceedings, and at times even dominating its activities, until his arrest on the "Fatal ninth of Thermidor."

While on the committee, Robespierre became imbued with the idea that the nation could only be saved by the death of everyone antagonistic to the revolutionary program of the popular leaders. With his talent for oratory, it was easy for him to procure the conviction of friend or foe, and it is said that he spared neither when the safety of France seemed to him to be in the balance. Whether this is true or not, history does not say. There is an anecdote concerning this feature of Robespierre's character in which it is said that he pardoned and secured the subsequent release of a lady of noble family, upon the intercession of a friend, a man who had once saved his life. Although this story is not authentic, there is good reason to believe that it is not false.

On the "Fatal ninth of Thermidor" Robespierre and many of his friends and supporters were arrested on the charge of treason and of being enemies to the Republic, and were condemned to death. He was guillotined on the 28th of July, 1794, and with him died all of his best friends.

Many authorities unite in condemning Robespierre as a depraved murderer, as a being of such homicidal tendencies, that he was never satisfied unless blood was flowing.

Others, who are in the great minority, while admitting the atrocity of the acts with which Robespierre was connected, defend him, arguing that whatever he did, he did sincerely believing that it was the best thing for France, and whatever it was, it was done openly. Did he order a friend to be guillotined, or send an enemy to his death, he was actuated by a profound belief that such was to the interest of his country.

Robespierre's private character was above reproach. He dressed faultlessly, and had the manners and tastes of a gentleman of the "Ancien Régime." He is described as being a very small man, showing no signs of physical vitality. It was because of his puny stature that he was called "The Little Lawyer of Arras."

His private life was simple and quiet, so much so, that one seeing him at repose in the bosom of his home, would never have thought of associating him with the "Blood-thirsty Public Prosecutor," of the French Revolution. In this respect, Robespierre's character tends to illustrate the two sides often found in a man's nature, namely the brutish animal instinct, knowing no restraint, and the refinement of a higher intellect.

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## TACOMA ITEMS.

It was after a day's work in our garden that word was received telling us we were expected to furnish news from this place for a new Seattle publication—"The Northwest Silent Observer."

Now it is great to know you have been appointed correspondent to a Seattle paper, almost as fine a thing as to be a resident of Tacoma. And under the consequent elation one may be inspired with strange notions.

Faith and hope having lured us on to overexertion with visions of green peas, feathery topped carrots, crisp radishes, tender lettuce, and a few other things on the side, may have made Charity flee from us.

Anyway we are inclined to be charitable in the judgment of our actions.

So, as we weren't able to go after the news, we had the inspiration of making the news come to us. Therefore we dispatched a note to one of our friends saying:

"Have received surprising news from Seattle. You'd better come and learn all about it."

Sure enough, she came! It was a warm day and a hard climb and she was about played out when she asked for the wonderful news.

"Oh, well, there's to be a new paper for the deaf, published in Seattle, and I am asked to contribute items from this place. Do you know of any?"

"All I know is that you've plenty of cheek and I would like to twist your nose," was her answer.

We were very forgiving and took no offense but instead said soothingly:

"I know what ails thee, dear,  
Thou art weary, weary,  
And I was weary, too."

All blandishments failed, however, to extract any other news than that the young lady was going to buy herself a new hat, and was undecided whether a mushroom, coal scuttle, or dishpan shape would be the most becoming.

She rather admired the dishpan style, but as she had received notice of a poverty party to be held at the Hansons in Seattle, April 3rd, with the warning of a fine for hats over three feet wide, she felt perplexed.

Learning from experience, we decided henceforth to seek the news.

A visit to Mr. A. M. Wade's home found that gentleman reclining at his ease in a rocker, with one foot reposing luxuriously on a pillow. He had his foot hurt while at work in the Old Town mill, March 5th, and had been laid up for the last three weeks.

To you hard workers it may seem very pleasant to remain home and be

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SEATTLE, WASH.

allowed the privilege of an easy chair and a pillow for your feet, and have your lady friends bring you bouquets and tender you their sympathy, but just ask Mr. Wade! He doesn't like it a bit.

"I don't see how anyone can stand to be idle. If I were rich I would have to work. And say! If I can't walk pretty soon, I ought to have my name changed from Wade to Hopp," is our friend's lament.

The Wades entertained Miss Betsinger and Mr. Vincent at dinner Sunday, March 21st.

Miss Siegel and Mrs. Seeley spent the evening of the same day with them.

Mrs. W. has a hen that wants to set one day and changes her mind the next, which is very trying to her owner.

There has been a keen rivalry among Mrs. Chas. Hammond, Mrs. Seeley and herself as to who would have the earliest chicks. Mrs. Hammond having three hens setting and one set two days earlier than Mrs. Seeley's is in the lead.

We called on Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hammond the other evening. They own their own home and three lots.

That they have great hopes for the future is shown by the fact that they have set out eighty raspberry plants, more than a hundred strawberries, besides several other kinds of berries. Charles assured us he believed in looking ahead to the future.

From him we learned that Mr. John Thomas is working on his farm, somewhere in the vicinity of Tacoma.

Mrs. Seeley was seen in her backyard yesterday trying to take baby Seeley's picture, it being that individual's first birthday. There was a screen for a background, and a rug for the baby. The screen would blow over, and by the time it was up again, the baby had crawled off the rug. After several repetitions of that performance a chair was brought and baby placed thereon. But she seemed to think there was something under the chair and kept trying to see what it was. Such are the trials of amateur photographers!

We must not forget to describe a good-luck party recently held at Mrs.

Hutson's. It was the first one there since Mr. Hutson's death in October, 1907. As it was a surprise party, the women furnished the refreshments.

Paper horseshoes cut at different angles determined who were partners for lunch. As there was no partner for one lady, it was decided that she to whom that lot fell would be the luckiest one of all for a year. Mrs. Hutson was the lucky one.

After lunch wishes were made on wishbones, the wishes being announced after the bones were pulled. That caused much merriment.

The women then gave a parody on the men. They enacted a scene showing a business man's office, with several men standing around discussing everything except business. Finally the man's wife appeared and gave a long list of things she needed and asked for money to go shopping. He handed her fifty cents.

After that the men had their revenge. They showed a scene in a lawyer's office. Mr. Otha Minnock, Mr. Charles Hammond and Mr. Miller came in one by one, fearfully and wonderfully attired in long coats, auto veils and merry widow hats.

They discussed their matrimonial difficulties with great freedom, also criticized all their friends, applauded their own good points, etc., etc. Just as Charles had come to the end of this neat little speech, "I have always kept my house clean. There isn't a mouse in it," there was a wild scurrying and a call of "a mouse, a mouse." They all jumped on their chairs. Finally, overcome with terror, Charles fainted.

The Minnock brothers then gave a clown scene, one which they used to act for the pupils' entertainment at the Vancouver school. It caused much laughter.

After numerous other antics the party broke up at a late hour, all agreeing they had had more fun than for a long time.

Those present were Mesdames Hutson, Hammond, Seeley, Misses Betsinger, Siegel, Demarais, Messrs. Hammond, Otha and Albert Minnock, Miller and Bander.

And so we will close with "You'll like Tacoma."

163952

TACOMA GOSSIP.

# THE NORTHWEST SILENT OBSERVER

L. O. CHRISTENSON OWNER

SEATTLE, WASH., APRIL 1, 1909

ADOLPH N. STRUCK, -- EDITOR

## THE NORTHWEST SILENT OBSERVER

is issued fortnightly on Thursdays. It is primarily a paper for the NORTHWEST and the PACIFIC COAST, but is published in the interests of the Deaf everywhere.

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### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor is not responsible for views and opinions expressed by correspondents in their communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and business letters should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST SILENT OBSERVER,  
2 Kinnear Bldg., 1426 Fourth Ave.  
Seattle, Wash.

The Christenson Co., Publishers.

### SUPPORTING THE PAPER.

Publishing a newspaper is one of the most thankless of mortal being's tasks. Try as he may, an editor finds it impossible to please everyone. Some one always finds something to object to. Each subscriber expects the editor to partake of his views and voice his sentiments, regardless of the propriety of doing either.

If publishing a daily paper is a difficult task, running one for the deaf is doubly so, not alone because of diversified opinions among subscribers but principally owing to the lack of enthusiastic support with which the publisher has to contend. Without support no paper is long-lived.

We feel that a paper published for the deaf of the country, not in school is a crying need in the Northwest and on the Pacific Coast. The East and Middle West has its quota of such publications, while the West has none.

We do not enter the field with a desire to clash with our predecessors; rather, we prefer to stand shoulder to shoulder with them and work for the common good. But in order for the paper to stay in the field it is imperative that the deaf of the country, especially of the sections far West, should support us loyally, should subscribe for themselves, should boost the paper and when practical should patronize our advertisers.

Patronizing our advertisers is as important as subscribing for it is the ads which enable a paper to run, and unless their ads bring results, advertisers are going to stop them. Result, the paper must, as a rule, suspend publication.

Therefore we appeal most earnestly to the deaf of the country to rally to our support and thus gain a new organ ready to battle in their behalf.

### A. Y. P. E.

As opening day at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition draws nigh there is much doubt expressed on all sides, as to the probability of the management succeeding in having the big show ready in every detail, whether the much advertised "Fair that will be ready" really will be.

We, ourselves, haven't the slightest doubt but that Opening Day will see everything in "apple-pie order." One cannot spend six months here in Seattle without having the evidence of the tremendous executive ability of the Seattle people vividly impressed upon his mind. And when one stops to remember that the management of the Fair is in the hands of the cream of the Queen City's business men, we do not see how anyone else can feel pessimistic over the question.

But be that as it may, whether the Fair comes up to expectations or not on June 1st, no one can afford to miss it. To those who have never visited a Universal Exposition, this one will of course be of the greatest interest; and from those who have made it a practice to run over to every similar pageant since the time of the ark, the A.Y.P. will most certainly elicit much favorable comment.

To begin with, the exhibits to be seen at Seattle's big show this summer will not be of the same stereotyped variety common to World's Fairs. As the name implies, the exposition of the possibilities of America's richest territories is the principal end in view, hence the features of the Fair will deal with the resources of these territories.

One pleasant feature will be the absence of the glaring white, heretofore considered absolutely imperative to the success of any Exposition. In direct contradistinction, plenty of coloring will be found in the architecture of the buildings, many of which will be little short of unique. For instance, the Forestry Building will have an immense colonnade, the columns of which will be composed of giant virgin fir trees from the forests of Washington. And we assure our readers that this will not be the only oddity to be seen at the A.Y.P. E.

We understand that under the auspices of Gallaudet College, the deaf maintained an exhibit at the St. Louis Fair. If our impression in the matter is correct, why not maintain a similar

exhibit this time too? Or if we are mistaken, it is not too late to begin.

Let us by all means have a part in the show, and let people know we are alive.

### RAISING THE STANDARD AT GALLAUDET.

We understand that the Faculty of Gallaudet is now engaged in the work of raising the standard of entrance and graduation requirements of Gallaudet. —Silent Success.

Why raise the standard at all? What good will it do the farmer or the mechanic to absorb a little more Latin, Greek or other dead language. This world is very much alive, so why bother more with "dead ones"?

The question of advancing the standard of requirements at Gallaudet is one that it would be well to look into before deciding. As the "Silent Success" sagely remarks, "From the standpoint of a wage-earner, the college education one receives is practically valueless save in the teaching profession and in general education absorbed."

Judging from the excellent work as teachers, exhibited by past graduates of Gallaudet, the present standard is sufficiently high to meet all requirements in that profession. Will a greater amount of classical knowledge, which is not taught at the state schools enable an instructor to impart a better understanding of the elementary subjects to his pupils?

We think we may safely say "no."

It is logical to believe that the teaching profession would be elevated to a greater extent by such an advance in standard at the college than would the other occupations of the deaf. If a higher knowledge of the classics will not make it any easier to teach the "three r's," nor make such instruction any more thorough than at present, it stands to reason that the proposed change will not benefit the graduate who goes back to his old occupation. The only result would be that the said graduate would be able to discuss inconsequential matters, inconsequential to him at any rate, more learnedly.

With the exception of those students who enter the teaching profession, practically all of the graduates of Gallaudet College return to the trade they were taught at the State schools, and it is safe to say they do not set a stick of type, or plow a row of corn any better for having learned how to conjugate "amo."

With such a state of affairs, would it not be much better to introduce a technical course at Gallaudet?

At the State school the ambitious young pupil is told to go to college and get a higher education; to be somebody in this world. He takes the advice, goes to Washington

dances, studies and plays five years away, then as a rule goes back home to his case, tool-box or hoe, as the case may be, and is soon occupied just as his less intellectual classmate of old is, no better qualified to hoe a row of beans, perhaps no worse.

#### VALUE OF NUMBERS.

We see by the daily papers that ex-Admiral Robley D. Evans, who is at present the guest of the Seattle Commercial Club, is advocating the establishment of a fleet of twenty-four battleships on the Pacific Coast.

"Fighting Bob" evidently realizes that in the warfare of this modern age, whether the strife be bloody or wordy, numbers count for more than individual ability to shoot straight or talk from the shoulder.

In the old days Andrew Jackson's Kentucky and Tennessee marksmen sufficed to stop the English at New Orleans; during the late Russo-Japanese conflict the victory rested upon the banners of the army numerically the stronger.

Thus we see that as the times progress, methods and requirements change, and now numbers are figuratively as well as literally, more than one.

The deaf would do well to learn the lesson therein and come to the realization that not by concentrated support of one publication, as has been advocated, but by whole-hearted support of all the recruits in the field, can they expect to accomplish anything in their fights against discrimination in different forms.

#### SILENT PUBLICATIONS.

We have not entered the field for the purpose of quarreling with those who have blazed the way, but we cannot help but disagree with the Silent Success in the matter of excessive number of "Silent" papers.

"The more the merrier."

Hearing people as a rule know little or nothing of the deaf as a class. Perhaps seeing a copy of the Silent worker a hearing person would wonder what it meant. Would think it odd to call a paper by such a name, but being but mildly interested would let it drop.

A week later, perhaps, he would see a Silent Hoosier. Again his cur-

iosity would be aroused. A little later he might have his attention called to still another "Silent" paper, and so on till he became thoroughly interested in the work and lives of the authors of these "Silent publications."

This last result is to be desired above all, for it would mean one less prejudiced man to refuse work to a deaf applicant for fear of his inability to do the work required.

Business men of today have no time to voluntarily investigate as to the possibilities of the deaf workman, so we must force them to "sit up and take notice."

With our papers bearing names having no apparent connection the busy man of today would go on "letting it drop" until the crack of doom.

Therefore let us have all the Silent papers we can.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

The editor of the Northwest Silent Observer wishes to announce to the deaf people of the country, that the columns of the aforesaid Northwest Silent Observer are open to all persons wishing to express an opinion on questions of interest to the deaf, or desiring to make a suggestion. Any one inclined to take advantage of this may do so by addressing the Editor.

The Editor, however, reserves the right to reject anonymous communications if he so sees fit.

Persons wishing to make inquiries on any subject whatever may do so, and if the Editor cannot answer such inquiry himself, he will endeavor to obtain the desired information from other sources.

#### SERVICES FOR THE DEAF.

Services for the deaf were held at Trinity Church, at 3 o'clock p. m. on March 21st.

Olof Hanson, lay reader, gave an interesting talk on the miracles wrought by Christ during his stay on earth. W. S. Root read the tenth chapter of Proverbs and J. E. Gustin told the story of Christ feeding the multitude. Mrs. Olof Hanson, in her usual pleasant way, rendered several hymns in the sign language.

A collection of \$1.60 was taken up and turned over to the rector of the

church.

The next service will be held April 18th at the same place.

W. S. R.

#### THE WITCHING HOUR.

Samuel Washington, colored, of Pulaski, Arkansas, was trusting, appreciative, and innocent. He had caught one glimpse of Chicago when he came upon a stock train, but started back in three hours after reaching the city. He determined to come again and see the city "right." Finally his chance came and he found himself outside the Polk Street depot with \$3.50 in cash and nothing to do but spend it sightseeing. He decided first to get on a car and go as far as a nickel would take him. After paying his fare he tied up his \$3.45 in his hand-kerchief and began to enjoy things.

Suddenly he rolled his eyes and wondered, because he noticed that as the conductor called out in turn, "Harrison," "Adams," "Madison," and "Van Buren," the car would stop, and a man would get off.

"Now, how de debbil do he know all dem folks!" thought Sam. "Well, I guess soon's dey rides deir nickel's wuth he makes 'em get off." His suspicion was verified when the conductor called out "Jackson," and "Monroe," and a man got off each time.

Suddenly Sam felt the cold chills run over him for the conductor yelled "Washington!" and the car came to a dead stop. Sam, deeply mystified, got up and left the car.

He was thinking it all over, with one hand in his pocket, tightly clasping his money, when suddenly a big moving-van stopped just in front of him. The husky driver looked over at the three corners, hesitated, and then called to Sam:

"Say, dere, I'm a-looking fer three forty-five!"

Quickly drawing his wad of change from his pocket, Sam held it out to the driver, saying:

"All right, boss; here it is; I 'spect-ed somebody'd be along after it purty soon!"—Success Magazine.

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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## SEATTLE BRIEFS.

Mr. August Koberstein has gone to Bellingham, where, it is reported, he is working at his trade of box-making.

Mr. Roy E. Harris, our Adonis-like nimrod, athlete and disciple of Isaac Walton, has suddenly developed decided feminine propensities. Recently he was found in the midst of a crowd of bargain counter fiends, at a local sporting goods house sale.

Adolph Struck, business manager of the Observer, is author of a thrilling marine story entitled "The Parrot," now in the hands of an eastern publisher.

L. O. Christensen a few years ago conducted a small job printing office in the Arcade Block. Today he is at the head of the Christensen Publishing Co. Honesty, thrift and business tactics did it.

Albert Hole says if he ever gets married he will be the (w)hole thing.

Roy Harris, our champion fisherman, has already cast in a line—he cast it in the postoffice St. Patrick's day and it went to his best girl.

The fame of the Queen City of the Northwest has traveled far, as is evidenced by the recent arrival from Toronto, Canada, of Messrs. A. Davies, J. Davies and —— Marsh, friends of Albert Hale. The latter has been engaged in piloting his friends around the city for the last few days.

The gentlemen in question confess to having entertained a most uncomplimentary idea as to what sort of a city Seattle was. They admit having expected to find our "Little Burg" a collection of squatters' shacks.

However, after a walking marathon over a good part of it, they gracefully admit their mistake and express themselves as most agreeably surprised at the size and magnificence of Seattle.

Messrs. Davies are carpenters by trade, while Mr. Marsh is a shipbuilder. All three have signified the intention of remaining in Seattle.

Mr. Albert Hole announces to his friends that he will be at home at Alki Point this summer, when he intends opening a camp there with three of his acquaintances from the local Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Rudy Stuht left for South Bellingham on March 26th. Wise man that he is, he subscribed to the Northwest Silent Observer before leaving.

On March 27th Mr. John D. Thomas, of Tacoma, paid Seattle a visit. John is anxious to go to Alaska and came to Seattle to consult Rudy Stuht, our distinguished authority on the Far North.

## Good Bargain!

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"No need of an Easter hat," so said the head of the house to his better half, "for don't you remember the next thing on the bill is a hard times social, when your old clothes are just the thing?"

Sure! a hard times party is coming.

It's to be held at the Hanson's handsome home, Saturday evening, April 3.

Fines for wearing Merry Widows over 2½ feet in diameter, or sporting gold watches.

Refreshments: Johnny cake, sauerkraut, wurstchen, molasses cake, etc.

A friend once asked Henry Ward Beecher how he managed to do so much work as he did with so little wear and tear upon his strength. "By never doing my work twice," was the prompt reply. He did not lie awake nights to go over the next day's work, or spoil rest hours by dreading the tasks that belonged to work hours.

Worrying over possible and impossible difficulties, dreading the task that looks big when one is fatigued, rehearsing details—all this is weakening. Ten times wiser is it to insist on being able to go to one's work fresh and cheerful, untried by anxious thought. "No talking shop" is a good rule for workers who meet during rest hours. "No thinking shop" is equally good. Resolutely keeping the mind free from anticipation of fatigue and friction, giving it a real rest even in the midst of busy days, is a sure way of keeping from overdoing.—Selected.

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